

## The Perfect Christmas Gift

by misscam

Category: Water Rats

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2000-04-25 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-25 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:24:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,274

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: There's a surprise visit, there's love, there's unanswered questions, and in the end Frank gets the perfect Christmas present.

## The Perfect Christmas Gift

### The perfect Christmas Gift

Disclaimer: Dear Santa! For Christmas this year I'd like you to take Rachel&Frank and the rest of the Water Rats team away from Hal McElroy and give them to me to play with!!! ::gets ready the sailing boat, the pier and a whole other ending::

>Author's Note: Sonia posted a Christmas challenge, in which one of the questions was: who would a very much alive Rachel spend the festive season with? <br>You know me, so.. DUH!!!!

>A little Christmas present to all you FrankRachel fans out there - it's short, it's sweet, it's sappy, it's wishful thinking and nowhere near realistic - it's CHRISTMAS!!!

>Timeline: The stabbing never happened, but Frank did sail off<br>Summary: There's a surprise visit, there's love, there's unanswered questions, and in the end Frank gets the perfect Christmas present.

><br>The Perfect Christmas Gift

>By <a href="mailto: Cammy\_Sandy@hotmail.com">Camilla Sandman<a>

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>"Dear Rach,

>I'm here in Cairns to have a little Christmas break. Gonna stay here for a week. Waters are great! Miss ya. Hope ya have a Merry Christmas. If ya haven't been naughty, Santa should come knocking too. <br>Frank."

><br>It was just a postcard. He'd sent many like that, saying nothing and everything at once. So why the hell had this brought her here? She shoulda been home, maybe to share a Christmas drink with Jack.. or a dinner with David - but here she was, far away from both. At Christmas time, when things should be jolly. Instead she was standing

on a pier, watching the owner of a particular boat tie up rope. And feeling quite nervous.

><br>She sighed. The choice had been made. All she could do was follow through. Taking one last breath, she marched down the pier, jumped onto the boat with a thump, and tapped the owner on the shoulder.

><br>He turned and dropped the rope he was holding.

><br>"RACHEL????"

><br>"Heya Frank," she smiled. He stared, then slowly reached out to touch her arm.

><br>"It's you," he whispered, and she rolled her eyes.

><br>"Brilliant observation, Francis."

><br>"God Rach, I missed ya." And suddenly she found herself wrapped tightly in his arms, almost being crushed. She hugged him fiercely back, admitting to herself she had missed him. A lot.

><br>"What are ya doing here?" he asked when he finally let her go

><br>"It's Christmas, so I though.. umm.. ya knowâ€|"

><br>"What about David?"

><br>"He's with his father.. and Jack.."

><br>"Jack?" Frank interrupted.

><br>"Yeah, Jack and Iâ€| umm.. we ain't exactly.."

><br>He smiled. She glared at him.

><br>"Don't tell me you're \*\*happy\*\* about that!" she snapped, but he only chuckled, and then hugged her again. She let herself be hold, it felt so good, so right.. and she had to know. After a while she pulled back to look at him.

><br>He was a lot more tanned than the last time she'd seen him. His hair had a few lines, and he had definitely worked more out. He looked good. In fact, he looked great.

><br>"How long are ya staying," he asked causally.

><br>"A few days. I hafta get back, ya know.. responsibilities.."

><br>"Yeah.. so, wanna sail a little?"

><br>"Nothing I wouldn't rather do right now, Frank."

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>They sailed out of the harbor and until they couldn't see it anymore, just the horizon and the water. Frank told a few stories about sailing, she told a few about life at the office. Casual conversation. For now, that was enough for her. It felt good just being around him again.

><br>She slept on the boat that night. He was the perfect gentleman, didn't even pass a remark. A part of her enjoyed it, another part of herâ€| She didn't dare explore those possibilities just yet.

><br>The next day passed pretty much as the first. They sailed, he took her to a fancy restaurant for dinner, again behaving like a perfect gentleman.

><br>She tossed in bed all night.

><br>And then it was Christmas Eve.

><br>She woke to him singing Christmas Carols. He had decorated the boat with lights too, and prepared a great dinner. She found herself grinning way too much. She felt... Happy.

><br>They didn't say much during dinner or when toasting on the deck. He wished her a Merry Christmas. She wished him one too. They drank wine into the late hours.

><br>He asked about Jack. She told him they were on a break, because

she couldn't commit. He asked why.

><br>She kissed him, and he knew.

><br>She didn't sleep that night or the night after.

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

><br>"Soâ€|. " she said. It was the day after Christmas Day, he'd sailed her into town. And so she was standing on the pier again. Her vacation days had been spent. She was going home, and he was sailing off again. He hadn't asked her to come with him this time.

><br>A part of her was relieved, another was hurt.

><br>"So," he said, standing by her on the pier, his boat all ready to sail. They stared at each other for a while, then he suddenly pulled a wrapped gift from behind his back and handed it to her.

><br>"I was gonna give you this last night..." he explained, and watched as she took off the paper.

><br>It was a small ship.. in a bottle. She lifted her eyes to meet his gaze.

><br>"Just something to remember me by," he said casually, but his eyes told her it was nothing casual about it at all.

><br>"Why did ya come here, Rach?" he finally asked after a long silence

><br>"Jack told me the reason I couldn't commit, was that I was still hung up.. I had to know. So I came here."

><br>"Now you know," he said with his eyes still downcast.

><br>"Yeah."

><br>"Yeah, so see ya," he replied, and jumped onto the boat.

><br>And so she just stood there looking as he sailed off. Deja vu. She'd hafta go through it all again, the regret, the doubts.. the longing. It was happening all over, and this time she would miss him even more. Clinging onto the little bottle she fought tears.. and lost.

><br>"FRAAAAAAANK!" she cried out and he turned to look at her, offering a smile as an apology. And for two seconds she was going to let him sail off, let him slip out of her fingers. But she knew the answer now. She couldn't. So she jumped off the pier.

><br>He stared wide-eyed as she splashed into the water and re-emerged wearing a huge grin. After a few seconds silence she got an annoyed expression.

><br>"What, ya gonna let me drown?" she yelled at him.

><br>"Rach.. what..?" he stuttered.

><br>"Francis Holloway, pick me up this minute! The water's bloody cold!"

><br>And finally realization hit him and he stared at her with the silliest grin she'd ever seen while sailing towards her. Pulling her up at the deck he still stared.. and stared.. and stared

><br>"You don't mind stopping by my place so I can get a change of clothes do ya?" she asked, and he frantically shook his head.

><br>"We can buy some new ones too," he offered, still just staring at her, "Rach, are ya saying..."

><br>She nodded. He looked like he could burst with happiness, beaming at her like a hot desert sun.

><br>"Just make sure ya bring enough beers for two," she smiled, and finally he stopped staring.

><br>"It's gonna be fantastic Rach," he promised and swept her into his arms.

><br>She believed him.

><br>\*\*\*\*\*

```
>Fini<br>  
><ul>
```

```
End  
file.
```